

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it is printed daily, except Mondays, examinations and vacation periods. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price is \$5.00 for the college year.

Complete Leased Wire Service of United Press

ROBERT MORRISON Editor
 WESTY FENHAGEN Managing Editor
 BILL HIGHT Associate Editor
 BETTIE GAITHER Business Manager
 CLIFFORD HEMINGWAY Circulation Manager

ASSISTANT EDITORS: Fred Jacobson, Ray Conner.
 ASSISTANT EDITORS: Fred Jacobson, Ray Conner.
 EDITORIAL STAFF: Dick Koral, Dick Stern, Dorothy Marshall, Gloria Gautier, Corinne News Editors: Bob Levin, Jack Lackey.
 COPY EDITOR: Bill Lamkin.

REPORTERS: Betty Green, Jo Pugh, Frances Halsey, Janet Johnston, Mary Hill Gaston, Bettie Washburn, Gloria Robbins, Sam Summerlin, Elaine Patton, Mickie Derieux, Gene Aeschbacher, John Giles, Roland Giduz, Darley Lochner, Posey Emerson, Elizabeth Barnes.
 SPORTS EDITOR: Carroll Poplin.

SPORTS STAFF: Howard Merry, Frank Miller, Clark Stallworth, Mel Cohen, Bob Friedlander, Buddy Gotterman, Jo Farris, Jim Klutz.

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Bill Selig.

ADVERTISING LAYOUT MANAGER: Ann Thornton; Assistant, Don Shields.
 BUSINESS STAFF: Susanne Barclay, Natalie Selig, Claude Ramsey, Strowd Ward, Barbara Thorson.

ADVERTISING STAFF: Adelaide McNarty, Ruth Gay, Virginia Wilson, Peggy Cates, Sarah Wood, Gene Heafner, Bettie Chestam, Nancy Westbrook, Jean Youngblood, Clare Hudson, Nancy Maupin, Ann Geogegan, Lois Clarke, Hal Dickens, Zeb Little, Eddie Owens, Mary Widener, Fay Maples, Marianne Brown, Jane Slaughter, Mary Jo Cain, Ann Cobb, Louise King, Jeanne Driscoll, Betty Lamb, Nooky McGee, Jo McMillan.

FOR THIS ISSUE:

JACK LACKEY Night Editor
 FRED JACOBSON Assistant Editor
 CARROLL POPLIN Night Sports Editor

THE MACHINE AGE

College, defined as an institution for the prolongment of adolescence, has become an assembly line for the production of a finished and uniform product—the A.B. degree or several other alphabetized equivalents. Raw material, mellowed in the high schools and prep schools, is placed into a machine consisting of four cylinders, each cylinder having three parts. Each part of the machine is carefully divided and subdivided, and there is a foreman (called a dean) to keep all the parts oiled and running with the maximum efficiency. There are a number of common laborers (called professors), who are detailed to the minute tasks of keeping a particular set of nuts in line.

Capital (called the General Assembly and the Board of Trustees) count their proxies and elect management (called president and chancellor). Management is responsible for obtaining a large quantity of raw material and keeping it pouring through the carefully regulated assembly line. The labor union (called the faculty) is a closed shop, but strangely enough, labor is organized to combat the rebellious raw material which strangely enough, possesses some personification.

The raw material first arrives at a receiving station (called the Dean of Admissions) and is scientifically analyzed for its suitability in mass production. If the raw material passes the receiving station, it enters the first cylinder (called the freshman class) of the machine. The raw material, filled with gremlins, often gets out of line and into the wrong tube. Frequently the raw material becomes quite warped, and is removed from the machine for lack of utility in further production. If the foreman knows his job, however, the material moves smoothly into the second cylinder. At the end of the second cylinder there is a separator which sends the material into several different divisions of the third cylinder. Continuing in the division of the fourth cylinder which corresponds to a division of the third, the material moves on through the line, always taking a new form. At the end of the fourth cylinder, the material is still in quite an amorphous condition, but all it really needs is a coat of super-enamel. The enamel is added by a spraying machine (called the faculty committee on degrees) and then the material bursts forth in grandiose splendor, magnificently a completely individualistic product, called an "A.B. degree."

Throughout the whole process, the timing is perfect. Occasionally some high grade material can be sent through more rapidly, but such a case seldom happens. The total process requires exactly four years, and each year is divided into exactly four equal parts, the machine being idle during one part of the year.

What this machine needs is a good, heavy monkey wrench thrown in between the capital-management and the labor-raw material. The raw material will soon have an opportunity to make such a toss.—R. M.

THE DORMITORY PROBLEM TODAY

The Powers of the Counselor

The chief power or government in the dormitory should be created by will of the students, expressed by elections of the self-government.

However, the counselor, in order to function properly, must be a bona fide representative of the administration, endowed with all the power of the administration. The counselor should have the right to expel undesirable occupants of the dormitory, and if his discretion in this matter is not the best, he should never be employed as a counselor.

The administration must give full faith to the counselor, and give him full authority to regulate the dormitory as he sees fit.

The dormitory manager carries out his carefully detailed tasks, but the counselor must be supreme, and fully responsible for the over-all regulation of the dormitory.—R. M.

Questioning US Relations With Russia

By Murray Goldenthal

There exists on this campus as well as elsewhere, an attitude which in my opinion is unhealthy; this attitude regards war with Russia as a certainty, the only doubt being as to when the shooting will start. It is a common attitude that is often heard in public, but more often and more dangerously felt in private. For example, how many reading this article have secret, unexpressed convictions that a conflict between the United States and Russia is inevitable? It is an unhealthy attitude because the fear of war constitutes the greatest threat to the world's security.

This outlook can be attributed to many things, some having to do with a characteristic American attitude of distrusting foreigners—but its greatest encouragement can be found in irresponsible "statesmen," in an undefined, wavering foreign policy, and in a news-hungry, often prejudiced, press—all serving to further becloud the truth.

I mention this attitude not because I feel best qualified to weigh it, but because I feel a very definite need for its consideration. These facts may be "obvious," but because of their fundamental nature, all the more reason for their being mentioned.

This fear, I have said, has no founding in truth because if we stop to think, war with Russia is at best an illogical proposition. Wars in the modern sense—if any sense can be attributed to them—have their roots in conflicting imperialism, in cutthroat economic competition, or in basic incompatibilities between two peoples. On all these counts a war with Russia has no foundation in logic. What remains is friction caused by people unwilling to put unimportant disagreements in their proper perspective, and unwilling to believe that cooperation could be just around the corner.

This attitude is a source of
 See RUSSIA, page 4

Publishing Company Executive Declares Books Should Be Inexpensive For Public

By Sarah Spratt

"The masses must be educated and entertained inexpensively," declared an English visitor, Miss Eunice E. Frost, vice-president of Penguin Books, Inc. The Penguin Company in London and the King Penguin in New York, which have as their objective the publishing and printing of selected books in dwarf, handy sizes, about four by seven inches.

Miss Frost recently came to the United States from London to reorganize the publishing company there. She explained that wartime restrictions were off now, and she is busy finding new designers, employing new members of the editorial staff and new markets. The University of North Carolina is one of the university campuses in the South visited by the executive in a survey of the student's interests in reading these small sized books.

When asked how she obtained such a responsible position, Miss Frost said:

"I started at the bottom, just like anyone else who succeeds the hard way. For a while, I wrote for literary circles in London. I was assistant secretary, then very soon one of the editors needed my help and I was in a position to help him.

"Young writers who wish to get into a publishing house should stamp letters at first, if there is no other position open, because even in a small job, you get to know the people and the duties, and get adjusted to the environment. Soon, you'll find someone crying for help, and presto, you have proven that you can be an executive.

"This is my first trip to the South," the tall blonde Britisher explained. "It is quite a contrast to New York. I drove in my car from the University of Virginia to Carolina and once I had car trouble. I thought I'd never get out of the open country. I would like to visit Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana."

The Penguin Books, Inc. in New York is operating on the same pattern as the company in

London, which has been publishing pocketbooks since 1939. The types of writing printed include fiction, guides, Shakespeare, illustrated classics, modern painters and children's books.

The books are gaily designed, an attraction not utilized in the small pocketbooks. Miss Frost emphasized there is a great deal of searching through manuscripts by an expert editorial board before final approval for publication. This is to prevent cheap literature from flooding

the market.

In addition, the Penguin has established a special editorial advisory board which will provide counsel and recommendation for both Penguin and Pelican (non-fiction books) lines. This new board at present includes Judge Jerome Frank, famous writer and jurist and Dr. Eduard C. Lindeman of Columbia University, sociologist and educator.

"About 80 per cent of the manuscript used is original," Miss Frost said.

LIFECAN BE BEAUTIFUL

By Dick and Wyck

Several months ago, after having straightened the world out through the medium of this column, we retired from our duties to a life of peace and recreation on our country manor, Stratford by the Rillarah, with a Bralla Running Suet (hot and cold running suet, of course). Now once again we find the world in a state of catastrophe; not only that, things are all fouled up! And once again we have been called upon to bring enlightenment and courage to a tired people. We have answered that call! Heap no praises on our shoulders; any red-blooded American would have done the same if given a chance. The trouble is, nobody ever gives the poor guy half a chance.

But, recalling those fine courses in American History which we have taken ever since our fourth year in third grade, (we flunked three years in a row; you should have seen the legs on that teacher!), we remembered that our first President, Abraham Washington, also wished to retire permanently to his palacial manor, Mount Yer-Horse, after having safely led the original eighteen colonies through the Spanish-American War of 1812, a war concluded by the Versailles Treaty. This treaty, incidentally, was so named because Ezra Versaille, a half-witted hoe-hand, who was carrying on a secret love affair with Washington's maid, was instrumental in drawing up the terms of surrender. Historians now believe, however, that this document is, in reality, a love letter written by Ezra to his girl friend, Washington's private

secretary Maggie. This is the only way they can explain the free-love clause as one of the eighty-nine points of the treaty. Maggie, however, turned out to be a British spy planted in Washington's household by the English major in charge of female spies, Lt. (jg) Howe, who also taught a night course in radar detection at the YMCA. She was later caught and sentenced to be hanged to death by hanging; young Versaille, dropping his hoe in the north pasture, sent this letter (you do remember the letter) to the authorities in protest of such an action. This letter was misinterpreted and sent to the State Department, who decided to use it as the peace treaty. Three days later Maggie was hanged and young Versaille again indicated his dislike of the government's action by leaping from the Empire State Building and committing suicide.

But "Honest Abe" Washington, better known to his friends as "Stonewall" Washington, did not neglect the call of duty, and

See LIFE, page 4

Letters To The Editor

People Wrong In Judging the Whole by its Parts

To the Editor:

Two years ago this week, while another Red Cross drive was in progress, I was completing my training in an air corps fighter group on the West Coast. Following the example of my flight-leader and several other ex-combat men who were biased against the Red Cross, I refused to contribute to the drive. I just wasn't going to put my money into such a corrupt organization. I could not see putting my money into the upkeep of the big Packards and Buicks that all the Red Cross representatives were gallivanting to pleasure spots; nor to send girls overseas who couldn't see lower than lieutenant-colonels; nor to buy cigarettes which would be sold back to me overseas for four to eight bits a pack. For this, you see, is what I was told would happen to my money.

Ten weeks later everything I possessed from the shirt on my back, to the food I ate, to the razor I shaved with, the blanket under which I slept, and, yes, even toilet paper was given to me by the Red Cross. I was made a prisoner-of-war by the Germans on May 12, 1944.

A Lifesaver

There is no way in which I nor those who shared my experience can evaluate the ser-

vice performed for us by the Red Cross. We know only that had it not been for the Red Cross we would not be here today.

Clothes, good American G. I. clothes, toilet articles, towels, some cigarettes, a pipe and tobacco, chewing gum—real luxuries to a person who has been cooped in filthy prisons—were issued to each man on his arrival at camp. Food parcels were issued once a week. What a Day! Everyone awaited it in anticipation and in fear. Fear of there not being any more parcels, or of there not being enough to go around. Anticipation—would your parcel have 5 or 7 packs of fags—would they be Luckies or Raleighs—would you get strawberry jam or grape-ade—bully-beef or spam—tuna-fish or sardines? Yes, those "parcel days" brought not only necessities for today, but remembrances of yesterday and promises for tomorrow.

A Friend In Deed

How good it was to have a Red Cross representative visit the camp! To see the Germans scurrying about to fix this and that to meet requirements. To know that the few comforts and privileges you did have would likely be taken from you if these representatives did not make

periodic inspections. (Some of them were killed by strafing allied planes.) Just to have contact with someone, a friendly someone, meant a lot. Through these representatives boys who had especially pressing problems could get messages through to their loved ones and messages of births and deaths came through to us.

And later, when we had been moved to a place without stores and the German transportation system was breaking down, the "white angels" came bringing us food and medical supplies. Those American G. I. trucks painted white with red crosses on them truly seemed to us to be "White Angels." They arrived when we were at our lowest ebb of morale. The advancing spearheads of our forces were spreading in all directions but ours; the German High Command had proclaimed a fight to the last man in Bavaria, and, that's where we were; we had been on a ration of 900 calories per man per day and not a man but looked like a walking skeleton.

Thought Rewards

I had a lot of time to think in prison camp. I think I've learned not to reach hasty and superficial conclusions. Organizations

are managed by people: good people, average people, bad people. You can't fairly judge a large organization tremendously and rapidly expanded by one or a few individuals in that organization.

I urge all of you to look not only at the cheats who graft, the girls who won't recognize a rank lower than lieutenant-colonel, the draft dodgers, the field-directors who couldn't take time off from their poker games and life of leisure to aid you, but to search for the tremendous good done and services rendered. Talk to the men who have been prisoners-of-war, to the men who owe their life to the blood plasma donated by the Red Cross, to the victims of floods, hurricanes, tornadoes, and areas of famine. Look at the work done by your mothers, sisters, and wives during this war and in other periods of stress. Think of the millions of needy and starving people whom the Red Cross with your aid can help today and tomorrow. Examine in its entirety this mighty, charitable organization and support it according to the best dictates of conscience and resources.

JAMES M. LILLY